

In Sea Power Is U. S. Safety

RECENT experience has confirmed the teaching of history that sea power in the form of an effective navy is the price of national safety.

Sea power enabled Great Britain to escape starvation under the menace of German submarines.

Sea power permitted the United States to convey 2,000,000 men and an immense quantity of food, munitions and supplies across 2,000 miles of ocean in time to defeat the powerful enemy on land.

No nation has maintained a great sea-borne commerce without effective naval support. The decline of sea power has always been followed by a decline in merchant shipping.

It is for this reason that Americans who wish to see their country safe and prosperous advocate a powerful navy. Our navy is the first line in the national defense. If it holds, there will be time in which to assemble and develop the land defenses.

Just now those who want a little navy are making an oblique attack upon naval development. They do not openly declare for an abandonment of sea power. They, instead, contend that money invested in capital ships—highly armored battleships and battle cruisers—may be money wasted, because future scientific invention may provide superior and cheaper methods of armament.

In particular, they assert, not the fact but the possibility, that a form of aircraft will come into use competent to destroy great battleships by means of torpedoes dropped from above.

If every proved mechanical resource of modern civilization had been suspended to await the coming of revolutionary improvements, mankind would long ago have been left stranded.

The obviously sensible course is to use such devices as these are, to the best of their availability, until better ones are demonstrated. Then, but not until then, is the time to make substitutions.

The modern battleship and battle cruiser are costly instruments of national protection because they represent progressive improvements in design. Each new one opens the way to a better one to follow. But that is the rule in all mechanical devices. There is nowhere an absolute best. In all things, we learn as we proceed.

So in building a navy we have to decide whether we want a weak one or a strong one, and if the decision is for a strong one—and that we believe is the decision of a large majority of sensible Americans—we have to trust to the ruling opinion of our trained experts in the

preparation and supervision of the designs.

The best assurance that heavily armored battleships and battle cruisers, speedy and powerful "ships of the line," have not been rendered obsolete, is found in the fact that naval experts in all countries with major naval ambitions are urging additional construction of them.

In point of tonnage and gunfire represented, the battle of Jutland stands as the greatest naval combat in history. Both participants in it are on record in behalf of capital ships.

The first lord of the British admiralty said in Parliament on March 17 last:

"We have been told in some quarters that the day of the big battleship is over. That is not the view of my naval advisers, and it is not the view, so far as I can find out, of any other great naval country. There is no country which desires to have a strong navy which is not today actually laying down big ships, and the theory that the day of the big ship is over is one for which there is really not one shadow of foundation."

And Admiral Von Scheer, German commander at the battle of Jutland, in an official report to his government, July 4, 1916, said:

"The battle has proved that in building up our fleet and in the development of the individual types of our ships we have been guided by correct strategic and tactical views, and that we should, therefore, continue on the same lines."

"All arms have borne their share in this result. The decisive factor was, however, both directly and indirectly the long-range heavy armament of the larger vessels. It caused the greater part of the known losses inflicted on the enemy, and it enabled the flotillas to carry out a successful attack against the enemy's main fleet."

"The large war vessel, battleship and cruiser, is and remains, therefore, the foundation of sea power, and should be further developed by enlarging the caliber of the guns, increasing the speed, and perfecting the armor above and below water."

In these judgments as to the value of capital ships in battle the naval experts of the United States practically, without exception concur.

If, therefore, we wish to build upon the lessons of experience as interpreted by the best available students, we shall proceed to strengthen the line of our navy until it is unsurpassed in tonnage and gunfire by any navy afloat.

That does not mean that we should neglect the auxiliary arms, whether aerial or submarine.

If an airship is to be invented which will put the present battleships out of business, let American ingenuity, heretofore a safe resource, be encouraged to produce it.

Meanwhile, go on building the best warships that science knows, not for aggression, but for defense.

way during the war and as a center of loyalty.

But it agrees with Secretary Baker and General Pershing that the Capital of the Nation is the fitting site for a national commemorative service and shrine.

Either a tomb in the rotunda of the National Capitol or a mausoleum in the National Cemetery at Arlington would serve best to stamp the occasion with its due national character.

Nothing in that plan of procedure would detract from the propriety of each lesser community—State, county or city—establishing a memorial of its own in the form and upon the site that it prefers.

But the Government of the United States, though pleading poverty against granting equalization of pay to the survivors who carried its flag to victory in war, cannot offer that plea against a symbolic honoring of its gallant dead.

It should act quickly. Already two nations, its associates in the World War, have led the way—a priority of which Americans cannot be proud.

Another Job for the Doctor



HUMANISMS

BY William Atherton Du Puy

One of the bright lights in the intellectual life of the nation's capital is Mrs. Henry Wilder Keyes, wife of the Senator from New Hampshire. Mrs. Keyes writes books, articles for the magazines, and works hard as vice president of the League of American Penwomen.

But as a diversion she collects limericks. She commits them to memory. There is probably nobody in the world who knows more limericks by heart than does Mrs. Keyes.

It was not unnatural, therefore, that one should wonder just which one of all these limericks, Mrs. Keyes regarded as her favorite. So I asked her and here is her answer:

"There was a young man from Madrid, Who was struck in the face by a kid. He said, 'I'd be glad To wallop that lad. I'll be darned if I don't—and he did.'"

David Franklin Houston is a changed man. He has been secretary of the Treasury for just a year. Before that he was Secretary of Agriculture. As Secretary of Agriculture he was a cold, austere, unapproachable man with a tendency to isolate himself. There were many buffers between him and the public. His associates in the department felt none of that intimate camaraderie that adds enthusiasm to team work.

Then Mr. Houston became Secretary of the Treasury. The austerity passed from his face like a cloud from before the sun. It became round and smiling. The door to the office of the Secretary of Treasury swung easily inward. The man behind the big desk radiated enthusiasm, smiled easily, was given to the making of jokes.

The fact was that Mr. Houston had come into the task that was dear to his heart. In all those years of teaching school in South Carolina, of officiating as professor and president of colleges in Texas and Missouri, the thing he liked best was the study of finance. In that work which he had done all the days of his life he had been potboiling. For a brief span of the end of the Wilson administration he was thrust into that valley of his dreams, the Department of the Treasury.

"Bootleg stories have displaced in popularity those having to do with a well-known flivver," says William Mather Lewis, head of the savings division of the Treasury. "All other vices seem to have given way in the face of the opportunity to defy the law by buying liquor."

"I just heard of a man who had foregathered with a group of friends for imbibing purposes. At the end of the evening he tucked a remaining quarrel into his coat and started, uncertainly, toward his home. He lurched to starboard as he entered his gate and his heavily laden side struck violently against the post. As he entered his door he felt something trickling down the inside of his shirt. As he slowly unbuttoned himself for an examination he mumbled: 'I hope it's blood.'"

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Once-Overs

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By J. J. MUNDY.

If something blocks your progress at every conceivable corner, how do you feel about it? Are you down on your luck and do you blame every one but yourself? Or do you sit down with your problem and reason out just what is your purpose way back in your heart? Is your object worthy of your best effort? Could you be mistaken in the kind of effort you have put forth? Are you willing that anyone else should succeed if you do not? The best way to do is this: First probe your own motives, then your methods of work and the purpose for which you work; if they ring true and you see the need of such work go to it with unwavering faith that there is a Higher Power looking after results if you do your share and don't flinch. A noble purpose, faith in it, unlimited work in the line of direction should bring enough joy of itself to put over most anything.

Mr. B. Baer

GAME TO THE LAST.

The latest issue of Butch McDevitt's newspaper was a little late on account of the high price of court plaster.

Butch is the Wilkes-Barre gent who once went on a honeymoon with a heroic plaster paris statue of himself, chaperoned by sixty moving picture operators. Butch ran for a high and dizzy office in Wilkes-Barre, grabbed the nomination, sold it, and Pullmaned to New York on a high and dizzy inaugural parade. He proved that you didn't have to have a seat in order to speculate on it.

Some folks think that Butch is a chip of the old cuckoo clock, as he never drank, either in the old days, when you could get it, or in these new days, when you can also get it.

Now he is publishing a newspaper that holds a franchise in the Associated Hospital League. Butch prints his paper immediately after one riot and before the next. Seemingly Butch printed a eulogy of a fellow citizen at the usual advertising rates of six blackjacks a line. Some of his advertisers send in their beatings a little late, but Butch trusts his clients.

The Wilkes-Barre suburban lodge of the Koo-Koo Klan called on Butch, masquerading in their usual angel costumes. When they left, Butch was deleted like a censored letter. He states that he lost some of his most important ribs and a few minor eyes. Butch claims they soaked him with everything in the United States and that he's afraid to open his foreign mail for fear that a panic may jump out.

Eight of the atrocity experts called on Butch and put on a Belgium capote. They cracked his skull with true Oriental politeness, but Butch says his bean is stringy, but still unbowled. He has put a doctor, ambulance driver and undertaker on his editorial staff and announces that his paper will continue if he has to print it with arnica on bandages.

His thinking cap should be a trench helmet. But Butch states that if his enemies continue to whack him on the skull and lay off the vital spots, Wilkes-Barre will always have an editor who won't go on a diet of words.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By K. C. B.

GENERAL CHARLES G. Dawes. HAVE STAYED with me. AND ON occasions. WHEN I'D hit my thumb. INSTEAD OF the nail. OR CHANGE a tire. ON A country road. WHEN I'D get through. WITH WHAT I'd say. I'D HARK me back. TO THE Sunday School. AND NOW you come. AND FOR a week. I'VE SAT me down. AND READ the press. AND WHAT you said. ON THE witness stand. AND THE cues words used. AND I say to myself. "WHAT A terrible man!" AND MAKE up my mind. I'LL WRITE to you. AND SAY to you. I'M TICKLED to death. YOU TOLD those guys. JUST WHAT you did. IN THE way you did. AND I'M your friend. FOR EVER and ever. SLEEPLESS NIGHTS. I THANK you.

If You Are Tax-Burdened, Think of the Rich.

Otto H. Kahn thinks the rich are paying too great a share of the income tax. We have been hoping for a long time that somebody would say a kind word for the tax-burdened rich. How can a man with an income of \$100,000 a year be expected to struggle along on the paltry \$70,000 or thereabouts that the Government permits him to keep?

Good Luck to Him.

Harding is going to try to bring Liberty bonds back to par. If he is successful, a lot of us who sold Liberty bonds will be able again to meet our neighbors face to face without feeling guilty.

The Suggestion of a Parade For March 4

By BILL PRICE.

The suggestion of citizens that some sort of parade should be arranged for March 4—a turn-out of Government employees being specifically favored—is received with enthusiasm by numerous writers to this paper.

EDWARD P. McCABE states that he is confident the Irish organizations of the District would turn out en masse if given the opportunity, and says, "LET'S GO!"

CHARLOTTE ROSS, a War Risk employee, says that all the girls she knows are enthusiastic for the idea, hoping that something will be done to enliven inauguration day. She adds that the Government dormitory girls would do everything they could to make such a parade a success.

TRUMAN WALKER and M. H. WELCH are among others who endorse the original suggestion.

One writer takes the uncharitable view that the proposition is a scheme to make sure of a holiday on March 4.

There is no doubt that a parade of Government employees and others would be turned into an imposing affair, costing the Government NOTHING, but apparently "the powers-to-be" don't want it. If assent should be obtained there would be quick action on the part of thousands of Washingtonians.

HEARD AND SEEN

RUBB BAREFACT'S QUERIES. Q. Do you think man becomes morally weaker as the day advances and night approaches?—MISS D. MEANOR. A. Well, she says it was around Eve when Adam robbed the fruit cart. Q. What is an optimist?—HORACE SCOPE. A. Most any fool who thinks something startling will result from a Congressional investigation. Q. Every time I sing, tears come to my eyes. Tell me, what can I do to prevent that?—O. B. STILL. A. You might stuff cotton in your ears. How does it affect the neighbors? Q. What is the most wonderful thing a man ever made?—CON. SOLATION. A. An honest living. Q. Our house is troubled with an eccentric nut. Do you think we should have him placed in an asylum?—O. PINE. A. Certainly not—elect him mayor or send him to Congress. It would be a shame to waste such talent. Q. If a boy has three apples and two cakes, and his mother gives him as many more for being sick, what will he have?—O. WELL. A. Tough luck. If he can't eat 'em, my little nephew soaks pigeon-toed and snaps his arms like a chicken. What makes him do those funny tricks?—MISS CHIEF. Q. Those aren't tricks—he probably thinks he's the Dove of Peace. Notify W. J. Bryan at once. OHIO.

BOWS AND BEAUX. For the bowlegged girl. Short frocks are just the thing. They tell the world that she has no kecks to her string. FRED VETTER.

H. H. GREEN, president of the Lonesome Club, asks lonesome young people to attend the dance of the club at the Wilson Normal School, Wednesday night.

MATH PROBLEMS. The math sharks are yelling for HARD problems, claiming that recent problems have been too easy to bother with. The angle problem of "HILBER FUNK" printed January 29, is thus described, the answer given being that the tree is 76.73 feet high. The baseball problem of "U. YA. MATH HOUND" receives more attention than the other. The question was "How fast is the shadow of the ball moving just as the ball strikes the ground?" The author gave the answer as 110.8 feet per second. GEORGE E. HUDSON gives 110.88 feet. B. N. L. gives 111.13 feet. FRED HAEFFELINGER gets 115.2141 per second, while W. E. CULLEN gets 55.70 feet, and "OPTICUS" 83 feet.

DAD'S OLD BREECHES. A contrib sends a poem which will be appreciated by grown-up men who, as small boys, wore breeches made from dad's or older brother's: When dad had worn his trousers out They passed to Brother John: The mother trimmed them round about And William put them on. When William's legs too long had grown, And the trousers failed to hide 'em, Walter had them for his own. And showed himself a real 'em. When Sam's fat legs burst the stitches, Ma worked them into rags and caps. The last of dad's old breeches We shall see at doomsday, perhaps.

Uncle—Well, you young rascal, how many times have you been whacked at school today? Tommy—Dunno, uncle, I don't take any notice of what goes on behind my back. LONESOME BOB.

On D street the other day I noticed this sign: "Pants pressed in the rear." COLONIAL BEACH.

SHE TRIED 'EM ALL. At Henrietta's party the other night I found that KENNY, "BROTHER" and JOE were the most experienced kissers. I KNOW.

Answer these questions with the names of automobiles: What all lovers like to have? What we need in winter? What's the best way to get to Cal? Who was our first electrician? AIN'T I Q. T.

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS— Old Hiram Keller went to the cellar To get a wee nip on the sly: At the foot of the stair his wife was there, And didn't she give him the eye! WALTER.

Who said it takes a grocer, With lots of soap and sugar below cost? DAN D. LYON.

HOMETOWN LOGIC. Of course kissing germs are catching. Many a husband has been caught that way. Don't be a crank, be a self-starter. It is bad enough to go to sleep in church, but to snore so loudly that everyone else is kept awake seems rather selfish. To be happily married, be a good listener. Don't throw mud. It will be dust when it dries and will blow back on you. Don't mind abuse. Many a fellow has been kicked out of a room for snoring. Free speech is apt to be cheap talk. LOAN LEE BATCHELOR.

SOKE ON DADDY. Kitty, aged 4, had been naughty, and her father had to administer vigorous correction before going to work. He evidently made an impression, for on his return home in the evening Kitty called upstairs with cool politeness: "MOTHER, YOUR HUSBAND'S HOME." IONA STILL.

"Have you ever met my sister, Louisa?" "Yes. She's rather stout, I believe." "I have another at home, Lena." H. D. B.

I went out with a girl the other night and when a fellow insulted her I whipped him soundly. She said I was a rough neck. Went home for on his return home in the evening. Kitty called upstairs with cool politeness: "MOTHER, YOUR HUSBAND'S HOME." IONA STILL.

Elizabeth DeMaigne's word of six letters which contains six other words besides itself is HEREIN, the others being ha, her, here, ere, in, rein.

BUZZ. ELIZABETH DeMaigne's word of six letters which contains six other words besides itself is HEREIN, the others being ha, her, here, ere, in, rein.

SMITH gives CAPERS as another interesting word from which six other words may be derived.